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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

KING HENRY VI.
PART III.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Vignette Scene Print.	Designed by	Engraved by
<i>The Death of Warw.</i>	<i>Loutherbourg</i>	<i>Hall.</i>
<i>Mr. Palmer in the Charact. of Warwick.</i>	<i>Sanders</i>	<i>Thornthwayte.</i>

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 The Sixteenth Number is AS YOU LIKE IT, ditto.
 The Seventeenth Number is OTHELLO, ditto.
 The Eighteenth Number is the COMEDY of ERRORS, ditto.
 The Nineteenth Number is KING HENRY V. ditto.
 The Twentieth Number is KING LEAR, ditto.
 The Twenty-First Number is KING HENRY IV. Part I. ditto.
 The Twenty-Second Number is KING HENRY IV. Part II. do.
 The Twenty-Third Numb. is the TAMING OF THE SHREW, do.
 The Twenty-Fourth Number is CYMBELINE, ditto.
 The Twenty-Fifth No. is ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL, do.
 The Twenty-Sixth Number is KING HENRY VI. Part I. ditto.
 The Twenty-Seventh Number is KING HENRY VI. Part II. do.

To the PUBLIC.

THIS Work is intended to supercede the necessity for any other Edition whatever, as it will be calculated to gratify every class of Readers.—The Publisher intends that it shall not only be *the most perfect and beautiful Work* that Britain ever produced, but also, *the cheapest*; he humbly hopes for public Patronage, in proportion to the merits of the undertaking, and he respectfully solicits *particular attention* to the following circumstances.

The Plan is to print each Play, *singly*, and *entire*, from the last revisions of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq. &c. with *their Characters* of the Play, and *the Origin of the Fable*, as an introductory Preface to each Play.

The Plays to be printed by Mess. FRYS and COUCHMAN, on *two sorts of paper*; the best of which will be *superfine writing-post quality*, on a new *Bourgeois Letter*, cast and *delicately dressed* on purpose. Embellishments for this sort will consist of a *characteristic Print*, representing a *spirited likeness* of some *favourite Performer*, besides an original *Vignette Scene Print*, designed and engraved by the most eminent Artists in *London and Paris*. The Plays thus embellished and executed, will be sold at *one shilling and sixpence each*.

Act 4.

KING HENRY VI. P^t III.

Scene 3.



Sanders del.

Thornthwaite sculp^t

MR. PALMER in the EARL of WARWICK.

*But Henry now shall wear the
English Crown.*

London. Printed for J Bell. British Library Strand May. 9. 1786.



HENRY VI. Part III.

*of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length;*

Act 5

Scene 2

P. J. de Loutherbourg del

J. Hall sculp^t

Printed for J Bell British Library Strand London Feb^y 2nd 1786.

W. V. Hall
W. V. Hall

Bell's Edition.

H E N R Y VI.

P A R T III.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES,

M D C C L X X X V I.

H E N R Y M

P A R T I I I

WILL SHAKSPERE

Printed by J. B. Nichols, New York

and Geo. Stearns

And revised from the last edition

by J. B. Nichols

NEW YORK

1854

1854

1854

1854

1854

1854

1854

NEW YORK

1854

1854

1854

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1854

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND Composition OF THE

THIRD PART OF

H E N R Y VI.

THE action of this play (which was at first printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster*) opens just after the first battle at Saint Alban's, wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years.

THEOBALD.

The present historical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the stage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War*. Surely the works of Shakspeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition:

“ For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone,
“ The divine Shakspeare *did not lay one stone:*”

whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade copied almost verbatim from the second part of *King Henry VI.* and several others from this third part, with as little variation.

STEEVENS.

The three parts of *Henry VI.* are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's style, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of king *John*, *Richard II.* or the tragic scenes of *Henry IV.* and *V.* If we take these plays from Shakspeare,

spere, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves, and found it in their favour, let us now inquire what corroboration can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to Shakspeare by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskilfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakspeare himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to *Henry V.* and apparently connects the first act of *Richard III.* with the last of the third part of *Henry VI.* If it be objected that the plays were popular, and that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural passions of a poet would have disposed him to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an author's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his queen, king Edward, the duke of Gloucester, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *Henry VI.* and of *Henry V.* are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakspeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omis-

sions at a second or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer.

JOHNSON.

So, Heywood, in the Preface to his *Rape of Lucrece* (fourth impression), 1630 :

“ ———for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful to the first, and never guilty of the last : yet since some of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer’s hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (*copied only by the ear*), that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them. This therefore I was the willing, &c.”

COLLINS.

Dr. Johnson’s conjecture is likewise confirmed by a Prologue of Thomas Heywood’s to a play of his entitled, *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1623 :

“ ———’Twas ill nurst,
 “ And yet received as well perform’d at first,
 “ Grac’d and frequented, for the cradle age
 “ Did throng the seats, the boxes and the stage
 “ So much, that some by *stenography* drew
 “ The plot, *put it in print* ; scarce one word true :
 “ And in that lameness it has limp’d so long,
 “ The author now, to vindicate that wrong,
 “ Hath took the pains upright upon its feet
 “ To teach it walk—so please you sit and see it.”

MALONE.

There is another circumstance which may serve to strengthen this supposition, viz. that most of the fragments of Latin verses,

verses, omitted in the quartos, are to be found in the folio; and when any of them are inserted in the former, they are shamefully corrupted and mis-spelt. The auditor, who understood English, might be unskill'd in any other language.

STEEVENS.

I have already given some reasons, why I cannot believe, that these plays were *originally* written by Shakspeare. The question, who did write them? is at best, but an argument *ad ignorantiam*. We must remember, that very many old plays are *anonymous*; and that *play-writing* was scarcely yet thought reputable: nay, some authors express for it great horrors of repentance.—I will attempt, however, at some future time, to answer this question: the disquisition of it would be too long for this place.

One may at least argue, that the plays were not written by Shakspeare, from Shakspeare himself. The *Chorus* at the end of *Henry V.* addresses the audience

“ ————— For *their* sake,

“ In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take.”

But it could be neither agreeable to the poet's judgment or his modesty to recommend his new play from the merit and success of *Henry VI.*!—His claim to indulgence is, that, though *bending* and unequal to the task, he has ventured to *pursue the story*: and this sufficiently accounts for the connection of the whole, and the allusions of particular passages.

FARMER.

It is seldom that Dr. Farmer's arguments fail to enforce conviction; but here, perhaps, they may want somewhat of their usual weight. I think that Shakspeare's bare mention of these pieces, is a sufficient proof they were his. That they were so, could be his only motive for inferring benefit to himself

self from the spectator's recollection of their past success. For the sake of three historical dramas of mine which have already afforded you entertainment, let me (says he) entreat your indulgence to a fourth. Surely this was a stronger plea in his behalf than any arising from the kind reception which another might have already met with in the same way of writing. Shakspeare's claim to favour is founded on his having previously given pleasure in the course of three of those histories; because he is a *bending*, supplicatory author, and not a literary bully like Ben Jonson; and because he has ventured to exhibit a series of annals in a suite of plays, an attempt which 'till then had not received the sanction of the stage.

I hope Dr. Farmer did not wish to exclude the three dramas before us, together with the *Taming of a Shrew*, from the number of those produced by our author, on account of the Latin quotations to be found in them. His proofs of Shakspeare's want of learning are too strong to stand in need of such a support: and yet *Venus and Adonis*, "the first heire of his invention," is usher'd into the world with a Latin motto:

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua. STEEVENS,

Though the objections, which have been raised to the genuineness of the *three plays of Henry the sixth*, have been fully considered and answered by Dr. Johnson, it may not be amiss to add here, from a contemporary writer, a passage, which not only points at Shakspeare as the author of them, but also shews, that, however meanly we may now think of them in comparison with his later productions, they had, at the time of their appearance, a sufficient degree of excellence to alarm the jealousy of the older playwrights. The passage, to which I refer, is in a pamphlet, entitled, *Green's Groatsworth*

worth of Witte, supposed to have been written by that voluminous author, Robert Greene, M. A. and said, in the title-page, to be *published at his dying request*; probably, about 1592. The conclusion of this piece is an address to his brother-poets, to dissuade them from writing any more for the stage, on account of the ill treatment which they were used to receive from the players. It begins thus: *To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, &c.* After having addressed himself particularly to *Christopher Marlowe* and *Thomas Lodge* (as I guess from circumstances, for their names are not mentioned), he goes on to a third (perhaps *George Peele*); and having warned him against *depending on so meane a stay* as the players, he adds: *Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tygres head wrapt in a player's hyde, supposes hee is as well able to bombaste out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes fac totum is in his own conceit, the onely Shake-scene in a countrey.* There can be no doubt, I think, that *Shake-scene* alludes to *Shakspere*; or that *his tygres head wrapt in a player's hyde* is a parodie upon the following line of York's speech to Margaret, *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth*, act I. sc. iv:

“ Oh tygres heart, wrapt in a woman's hide.”

TYRWHITT.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King HENRY the Sixth.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.

Duke of SOMERSET,

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,

Earl of OXFORD,

Earl of EXETER,

Earl of WESTMORELAND,

Lord CLIFFORD,

RICHARD, Duke of York.

EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King,

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester,

EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,

Duke of NORFOLK,

Marquis of MONTAGUE,

Earl of WARWICK,

Earl of SALISBURY,

Earl of PEMBROKE,

Lord HASTINGS,

Lord STAFFORD,

Sir JOHN MORTIMER,

Sir HUGH MORTIMER,

Lord RIVERS, Brother to the Lady Gray.

Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Mayor of York, Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

HUMPHREY, and SINKLO, two Huntsmen,

LEWIS XI. King of France.

Lords on King Henry's Side.

his Sons.

of the Duke of York's Party.

Uncles to the Duke of York.

WOMEN.

Queen MARGARET. BONA, Sister to the French King.

Lady GRAY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry, and King Edward, &c.

*In Part of the Third Act, the SCENE is laid in France;
during all the rest of the Play, in England.*



THIRD PART OF
HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. The Parliament-House. Alarum. Enter Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white Roses in their Hats.

Warwick.

I WONDER, how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He silyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerously : 11
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Shewing his bloody Sword.*

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's
blood, [To WARWICK, *shewing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I
did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of SOMERSET's Head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
Is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of
Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I—Victorious prince of York, 21
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither are we broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my
lords ;—— 31

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to put us out by force.

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;

But little thinks, we shall be of her council:

By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king; 40
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK leads YORK to the Throne, who
seats himself.]

*Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBER-
LAND, WETSMORELAND, EXETER, and others, at
the further End of the Stage.*

K. Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel
sits, 50

Even in the chair of state! belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer),
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both vow'd re-
venge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in
steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him
down:

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it. 60

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Henry. Ah, know you not, the city favours
them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly
fly.

K. Henry. Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's
heart, 70

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

They advance to the Duke.

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;

I am thy sovereign.

York.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown. 80

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so.—Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread 92
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger, 100
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces. 110

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The lord protector lost it, and not I!
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,
you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st
arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king
will fly.

York. Sons, peace! 120

K. Henry. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave
to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him,
lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'st thou, that I will leave my king-
ly throne,

Wherein

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
 No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
 Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
 And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow—
 Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
 My title's good, and better far than his. 131

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Henry. Henry the fourth by conquest got the
 crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Henry. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
 Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
 For Richard, in the view of many lords,
 Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth; 140
 Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
 And made him to resign the crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
 Think you, 'twere prejudicial to the crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
 But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer
 not? 150

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to
 him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern
power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent—

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud—

Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong, 160
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,

Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Henry. O Clifford, how thy words revive my
heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;

Or I will fill the house with armed men,

And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood. 170

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers shew themselves.*]

K. Henry. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one
word;—

Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West.

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 181

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let's go tell the queen these news.

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt NORTH. CLIF. and WEST.*]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not
yield. 191

K. Henry. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Henry. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my
son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign; and 200

Neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War.

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes! *[Here the Lords come forward.]*

York. Farewel, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers. 210

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

*[Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK,
NORFOLK, and MONTAGUE.]*

K. Henry. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter the Queen, and Prince.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Henry. Exeter, so will I. *[Going.]*

Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son, 220

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;

Or felt that pain which I did for him once;

Or

Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood ;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me :
If you be king, why should not I succeed ? 230

K. Henry. Pardon me, Margaret ;—pardon me,
sweet son ;—

The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

Queen. Enforc'd thee ! art thou king, and wilt be
forc'd ?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time ? 240

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais ;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas ;
The duke is made protector of the realm ;
And yet shalt thou be safe ? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour :
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself, 250
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread :
And spread they shall be ; to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee :—Come, son, let's away ;
Our army's ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me
speak. 260

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get
thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with
me ?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace : 'till then, I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen, and Prince.*]

K. Henry. Poor queen ! how love to me, and to
her son,

Hath made her break out into terms of rage !

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke ;

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire, 270

Will coast my crown, and, like an empty eagle,

Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son !

The loss of those three lords torments my heart :

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair ;—

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. 276

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Sandal-Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons, and brother, at a strife? 280

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;

The crown of England, father, which is your's.

York. Mine, boy? not 'till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end. 290

York. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken :

I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No ; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

York.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears: 300
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms: And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart. 310

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise; 321
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Gab. The queen with all the northern earls and lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle:

She is hard by with twenty thousand men;

And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;— 330

My brother Montague shall post to London:

Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

Whom we have left protectors of the king,

With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit MONTAGUE.*]

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;

The army of the queen means to besiege us. 340

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; What should we fear!

[*A March afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums; Let's set our men in order;

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one; 350

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle, betwixt Sandal-Castle and Wakefield.

Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke—
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

Tutor. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest

Lest thou be hated both of God and man: 360

[Exit, dragged off.]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;

And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath, 370

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's
blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and
thine,

Were not revenge sufficient for me:

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart. 380

The sight of any of the house of York

Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And 'till I root out their accursed line,

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

[Lifting his Hand.]

C i j

Rut.

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death :—
To thee I pray ; Sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm ; Why wilt thou slay
me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

390

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;
Lest, in revenge thereof—sith God is just—
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD stabs him.

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ !* [Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet ! 401

And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, 'till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Alarum. Enter RICHARD Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field :
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn

Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them :
 But this I know—they have demean'd themselves 411
 Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me ;
 And thrice cry'd—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardest warriors did retire,
 Richard cry'd—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
 And cry'd—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!* 420
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
 With this we charg'd again : but, out, alas!
 We bodg'd again ; as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short Alarum within.*]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue ;
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury :
 And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury :
 The sands are number'd, that make up my life ;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end. 430

Enter the Queen, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford—rough Northumberland—
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage ;
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

C i i j

North.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all : 440
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not ? what ! multitudes, and fear ?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further ;

So doves do peck the faulcon's piercing talons ;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time :
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face ; 450
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word ;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*

Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford ! for a thousand causes,

I would prolong a while the traitor's life :—

Wrath makes him deaf : speak thou, Northumberland.

North.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so
much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin, 460
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay Hands on YORK, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*YORK is taken Prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd
booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him
now?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumber-
land, 470

Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice, 480
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or,

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?
 Look, York ; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
 That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy :
 And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve to make me merry, York. 490

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?

Why art thou patient, man ? thou shouldst be mad ;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport ;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York ;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a Paper Crown on his Head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king ! 500

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair ;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it, that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,

'Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath ?

O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable !—

510

Off

Off with the crown ; and, with the crown, his head ;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's death.

Queen. Nay, stay ; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves
of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates ?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging, 520
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush :
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem ;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen ;
Unless the adage must be verify'd— 530
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud ;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small :
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd ;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine ;
The want thereof makes thee abominable :
Thou art as opposite to every good,

As

As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion. 540

Oh, tygress' heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide !
How could'st thou drain the life blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidst thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :
Wouldst thou have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy
will :

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins. 550
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford—and thee, false French-
woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more—than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears : 560
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And lo ! with tears I wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*

And,

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foe will shed fast falling tears,
And say—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
curse;

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!— 570
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumber-
land?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
death. [Stabbing him.

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[Stabs him.

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God! 581
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
[Dies.

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates!
So York may overlook the town of York. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales. A March. Enter
EDWARD, RICHARD, and their Power.*

Edward.

I W O N D E R, how our princely father 'scap'd ;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit :
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news :
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares our brother ? why is he so sad ?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become. 10
I saw him in the battle range about ;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat :
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies ;
So fled his enemies my warlike father ;
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son. 20
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !

How

How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated by the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable: 30

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.

In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.

Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns. 40

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave
I speak it,

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

D

Edw.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Mes. Environed he was with many foes ; 50
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd ;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen :
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despight ;
Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks, 61
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon ;
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
Oh Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain 70
The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest :

For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal, 82
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for
me !—

Richard, I bear thy name, I'll 'venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with
thee ;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left. 90

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK, Marquis of MONTAGUE,
and their Army.

War. How now, fair lords ? What fare ? what news
abroad ?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh, 'till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain ! 100

Dij

Edw.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears :
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart. 110
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along :
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make—we at Saint Alban's met, 120
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen ;
Or whether 'twas report of her success ;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight, 130
Or

Or like an idle thresher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of the cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards :
But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled ; the king, unto the queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post haste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were, 140
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle War-
wick ?

And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with his
power :

And for your brother—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
fled :

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire. 150

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
hear :

For thou shalt know, this strong right-hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist ;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

D i i j

Rich.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick : blame me not ;

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done ?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads ?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And, of their feather, many more proud birds, 170
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament ;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong :
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
'With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain ;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon the foe !

But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak :

Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day,
That cries—Retire, when Warwick bids him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean ;
And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour !) 190
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend !

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York ;
The next degree is, England's royal king :
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along ;
And he, that casts not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King Edward—valiant Richard—Montague—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as
steel

(As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds)
I come to pierce it—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums ;—God, and saint
George, for us !

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now ? what news ?

Mes. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by
me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host ;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors : Let's
away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

York. Enter King HENRY, the Queen, the Prince of
WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND,
with Forces.

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of
York. 210

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown :
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear
their wreck ;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ? 220
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick ?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows :
He, but a duke, would have his son a king, 230
And raise his issue, like a loving sire ;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young :
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest, 240
Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent !
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault ;
And long hereafter say unto his child—
*What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away ?*
Ah, what a shame were this ! Look on the boy ;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart, 250
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear—
That things ill got had ever bad success ?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;
And 'would my father had left me no more !
For all the rest is held at such a rate, 260
As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York ! 'would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here !

Queen. My lord, cheer up your spirits ; our foes
are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son ;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down. 269

K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
And learn this lesson—Draw thy sword in right.—

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness :
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York ;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him : 280
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the
field ;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen.

Queen. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence :
Unsheath your sword, good father ; cry, *Saint George !*

March. Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, RICHARD,
WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry ! wilt thou kneel for
grace,

290

And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy !
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent
Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

300

Clif. And reason too ;
Who should succeed the father, but the son ?

Rich. Art thou there, butcher ? — O, I cannot
speak !

Clif. Ay, crook-back ; here I stand, to answer
thee,

Or

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown? 310

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart 320
Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Henry. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting
here, 330

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is
right, 340
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom'd toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea), 350
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand
crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop ;
And, had he match'd according to his state, 361
He might have kept that glory to this day :
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day ;
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride ?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept ;
And we, in pity of the gentle king, 370
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Cla. But, when we saw our sun-shine made thy
spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root :
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee ;
Not willing any further conference, 380
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets !—let our bloody colours wave !—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward.

Edw.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, I'll no longer stay :
Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle, at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire. Alarum.

Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe :
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid, 389
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle
death !

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord ? what hap ? what hope
of good ?

Enter CLARENCE.

Cla. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us :
What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn
thyself? 400

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd—
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far—

Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!

So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our
blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly. 410

Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.— 420
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey—

Yet

Yet that the brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle
Warwick,

430

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, fare-
wel.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops:
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain.

441

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Field. Excursions. Enter RICH-
ARD, and CLIFFORD.*

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

E i i j

Clif

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York ;
And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland ;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself ;
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters, CLIFFORD flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field. Alarum. Enter King
HENRY.

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's
war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea, 460
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind :
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind ;
Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet

Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered.
 So is the equal poise of this fell war.
 Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.
 To whom God will, there be the victory! 470
 For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
 Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
 For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
 O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run: 480
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the time:
 So many hours must I tend my flock;
 So many hours must I take my rest;
 So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours must I sport myself;
 So many days my ewes have been with young; 490
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Past over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery? 500
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had killed his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.—
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight, 511
 May be possessed of some store of crowns?
 And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
 Who's this?—Oh God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
 Oh heavy times, begetting such events!
 From London by the king was I press'd forth;
 My father, being the earl of Warwick's man, 520
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!

And

And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.— 530
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—Is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart, 541
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily both beget!—
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Henry. Woe above woe! grief more than com-
mon grief!

O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!—
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—— 551

The

The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses :
The one, his purple blood right well resembles ;
The other, his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth :
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd ? 561

K. Henry. How will the country, for these woful
chances,
Mis-think the king, and not be satisfy'd ?

Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son ?

K. Henry. Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects'
woe ?

Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[Exit, with the Body.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-
sheet ;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre ; 570

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;

And so obsequious will thy father be,

Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the Body.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of
WALES, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull: 581
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post
amain:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed; 590
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.

Ah,

Ah, Lancaster! I fear thine overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts, 600
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York.
The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemy?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth:
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
And as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York, 610
They never then had sprung like summer flies—
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,
And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
And, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity. 620
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[He faints.]

Alarum,

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune bids us pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen ;—
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves. 630

But think you, lords, that Clifford flew with them ?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape :
For, though before his face I speak the word,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave ;
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD groans, and dies.

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is : and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford ;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch 641
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring, ;
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,

F

Your

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there :
Instead whereof, let his supply the room ;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our
house, 650

That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the Body forward.*]

War. I think his understanding is bereft :—
Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth ;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts 660
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Cla. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now ?

War. They mock thee, Clifford ; swear as thou wast
wont. 670

Rich. What, not an oath ? nay, then the world
goes hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath :—

I know

I know by that, he's dead ; and, by my soul,
 Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
 That I in all despight might rail at him,
 I'd chop it off ; and with the issuing blood
 Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
 York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead : Off with the traitor's head,
 And rear it in the place your father's stands.— 680
 And now to London with triumphant march,
 There to be crowned England's royal king.
 From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
 And ask the lady Bona for thy queen :
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;
 And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again ;
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
 First, will I see the coronation ; 690
 And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be :
 For on thy shoulder do I build my seat ;
 And never will I undertake the thing,
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
 Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster ;—
 And George, of Clarence ;—Warwick, as ourself,
 Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence ; George, of
 Gloster ; 700
 For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation ;
 Richard, be duke of Gloster : Now to London,
 To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Wood in Lancashire. Enter SINKLO, and HUM-
 PHREY, with Cross-Bows in their Hands.*

Sinklo.

U N D E R this thick-grown brake we'll shroud our-
 selves ;

For through this laund anon the deer will come ;
 And in this covert will we make our stand,
 Culling the principal of all the deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be ; the noise of thy cross-bow
 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best :
 And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
 I'll tell thee what befell me on a day, 10
 In this self place where now we mean to stand.

Hum. Here comes a man, let's stay 'till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, with a Prayer-Book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure
 love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ;

Thy

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
 Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
 No humble suitors press to speak for right,
 No, not a man comes for redress to thee; 20
 For how can I help them, and not myself?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
 This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these sour adversities;
 For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My queen, and son, are gone to France
 for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
 Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister 30
 To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
 Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,
 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
 By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
 For she's a woman to be pity'd much:
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
 The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40
 To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears,
 Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her, 50
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and
queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was
born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Henry. Why, so I am, in mind, and that's
enough. 60

Hum. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my
head;

Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, Content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a king crown'd with con-
tent,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;

And

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance, 70
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Hum. No, never such an oath; nor will we now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

Hum. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sink. No; for we were subjects but while you were king. 80

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty. 90

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Henry. So would you be again to Henry,

If

If he were seated as king Edward is.

Sink. We charge you, in God's name, and in the
king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Henry. In God's name, lead; your king's name
be obey'd :

And what God will, that let your king perform ;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. The Palace. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain, 102
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror :
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands ;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The noble gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her. 109

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea ! is it so ? [*Aside.*

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Cla. He knows the game ; How true he keeps the
wind, [*Aside.*

Glo.

Glo. Silence !

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit ;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :
May it please your highness to resolve me now ;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me. 120

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you all
your lands,
An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to
fall.

Glo. [*Aside.*] God forbid that ! for he'll take van-
tages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow ?
tell me.

Clar. [*Aside.*] I think, he means to beg a child of
her.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Nay, whip me then ; he'll rather give
her two.

Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [*Aside.*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd
by him. 130

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's
land.

Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave ; I'll try this widow's
wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you ; for you will have
leave,

'Till

'Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.

[GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the other Side.

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good. 140

Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands. 149

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [Aside.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [Aside.

Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

Grey.

Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 160
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Grey. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands. 171

Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower:
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Grey.

Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No; if thou dost say no, to my demand. 180

Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
[*Aside.*

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete
with modesty;
Her words do shew her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious
lord: 190
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.

Grey.

Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call
you—father. 200

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call
thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

[*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two
have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad. 210

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry
her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you
both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace gate. 220

G

K. Edw.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the
Tower:—

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honour-
ably.

[*Exeunt King, Lady, CLARENCE, and Lords.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire, and me
(The lustful Edward's title buried), 230

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way: 240

So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford ?
 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 And deck my body in gay ornaments, 250
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
 O miserable thought ! and more unlikely,
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb :
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
 To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size ; 260
 To disproportion me in every part,
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
 O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown ;
 And, while I live, to account this world but hell, 270
 Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home :
 And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns ;
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;

Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown : 280
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could, 290.
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :
I can add colours to the cameleon ;
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
Tut ! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III.

France. Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, Lady BONA, BOURBON, Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD her Son, and the Earl of OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us ; it ill befits thy state,
And

And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth
sit. 299

Queen. No, mighty king of France ; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days :
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground ;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lewis. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
deep despair ?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with
tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
cares. 310

K. Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side : yield not thy neck

[*Seats her by him.*]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief ;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,

And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis—

That Henry, sole possessor of my love, 320

Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn ;

While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret—
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ;
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done :
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ; 330
Our people and our peers are both mis-led,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the
storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our
foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our
presence ? 340

Queen. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest
friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings
thee to France ? [*He descends. She ariseth.*]

Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,

My

My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
 I come—in kindness, and unfeigned love—
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
 And, then, to crave a league of amity ;
 And, lastly, to confirm that amity 350
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
 [Speaking to BONA.

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue. 360

Queen. King Lewis — and lady Bona — hear me
 speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
 Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
 But from deceit, bred by necessity :
 For how can tyrants safely govern home,
 Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?
 To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice—
 That Henry liveth still : but were he dead,
 Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
 Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and mar-
 riage 370

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour :
 For though usurpers sway the rule a while,

Yet

Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth, 380
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth dis-
course,
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at
that.

But for the rest—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time 390
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,

Was

Was done to death ? and more than so, my father,
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years, 401
 When nature brought him to the door of death ?
 No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and
 Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
 While I use further conference with Warwick.

Queen. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words be-
 witch him not ! [*They retire.*

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
 conscience, 410

Is Edward your true king ? for I were loth,
 To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye ?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further—all dissembling set aside,
 Tell me for truth the measure of his love
 Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
 As may beseem a monarch like himself. 420
 Myself have often heard him say, and swear—
 That this his love was an eternal plant ;
 Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
 The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun ;
 Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
 Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine :—
Yet I confess, that often ere this day, 429

[*Speaking to WARWICK.*

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, this—Our sister shall be
Edward's ;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd :—
Draw near, queen Margaret ; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Queen. Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit ; 440
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret :
But if your title to the crown be weak—
As may appear by Edward's good success—
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease ;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose. 450
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen—
You have a father able to maintain you ;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

Queen.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
peace ;

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !

I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears,

Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold

Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love ;

[*Post, blowing a Horn within.*

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or
thee. 460

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you ;

[*To WARWICK.*

Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—

These from our king unto your majesty.—

[*To King LEWIS.*

And, madam, these for you ; from whom, I know

not. [*To the Queen. They all read their Letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were
nettled :

I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news ? and your's,
fair queen ?

Queen. Mine, such as fills my heart with unhop'd
joys. 470

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?

And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest—in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss— 480
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour. 490
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry:—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate
to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us 501
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him :
And as for Clarence—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him ;
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen ? 511

Queen. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with your's.

K. Lew. And mine with her's, and thine and
Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post ;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king— 521
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride :

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower
shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

H

Queen.

Queen. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me
wrong;

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long. 530
There's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Post.

K. Lew. But, Warwick;
Thyself, and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree, 540
I'll join my younger daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his Hand to WARWICK.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall
be levy'd, 550

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

I long,

I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt. Manet WARWICK.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale, but me ?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow. 560
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Palace in England. Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE,
SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.*

Gloster.

NOW tell me brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey ?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice ?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to
France ;

How could he stay 'till Warwick made return ?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk ; here comes the
king.

H ij

Flourish.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, Lady GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS. Four stand on one Side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malecontent? 10

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose, they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I: 20

No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,

Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey

Should

Should not become my wife, and England's queen?—
 And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
 Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion—that king Lewis
 Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30
 About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in
 charge,
 Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be
 appeas'd,
 By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such al-
 liance,
 Would more have strengthen'd this our common-
 wealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
 England is safe, if true within itself? 40

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with
 France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France;
 Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
 Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
 And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
 In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well de-
 serves
 To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

H i i j

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and
grant;

And, for this once, my will shall stand for law. 50

Glo. And yet, methinks, you grace hath not done
well,

To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee. 60

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your
judgment:

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent, 70
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns :

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands : 80
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [Aside.] I hear, yet say not much, but think
the more.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what
news,
From France?

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters: and few
words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in
brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess
them. 90

What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me
Henry.

But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:

*Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.* 100

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Post. *Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are
done,*

And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, 110
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in
friendship,

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the younger; Clarence will have the
elder.

Now,

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
 For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ; 120
 That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
 I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
 You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.]

Glo. Not I :

My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
 Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. *[Aside.]*

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to War-
 wick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen ;
 And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
 Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf 130
 Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
 They are already, or quickly will be landed ;
 Myself in person will straight follow you.

[Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.]

But, ere I go, Hastings—and Montague—
 Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
 Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance :
 Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me ?
 If it be so, then both depart to him ;
 I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends :
 But if you mind to hold your true obedience, 140
 Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
 That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's
 cause !

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,

'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Warwickshire. Enter WARWICK, and OXFORD, with French Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us. 151

Enter CLARENCE, and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence comes;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—

And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: 160
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,

Thy

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
 His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
 And but attended by a simple guard,
 We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
 Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
 That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
 With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard, 172
 And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
 For I intend but only to surprise him.—
 You, that will follow me to this attempt,
 Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry!*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
 For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George!
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

EDWARD's Camp. *Enter the Watchmen to guard his Tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on my masters, each man take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep. 180

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why no: for he hath made a solemn
 vow,

Never

Never to lie and take his natural rest,
'Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress.

2 *Watch*. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warkwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch*. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch*. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest
friend. 189

3 *Watch*. O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch*. 'Tis the more honour, because more dan-
gerous.

3 *Watch*. Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch*. Unless our halberds did shut up his pas-
sage.

2 *Watch*. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal
tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes? 200

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET,
and French Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his
guard.

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch*.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there ?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, and the Rest, cry all—*Warwick ! Warwick ! and set upon the Guard ; who fly, crying—Arm ! Arm ! WARWICK, and the Rest, following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

Enter WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the Rest, bringing the King out in a Gown, sitting in a Chair : GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly over the Stage.

Som. What are they that fly there ?

War. Richard, and Hastings : let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke ! why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'd'st me king !

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd :

210

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you duke of York,

Alas ! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors ;

Nor how to be contented with one wife ;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly ;

Nor how to study for the people's welfare ;

Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies ?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here
too ?

220

I

Nay,

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's
king: *[Takes off his Crown.]*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request, 230
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs
abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit King EDWARD, led out.]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers? 240

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

London. The Palace. Enter the Queen, and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change ?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn, What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward ?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick ?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain ?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner ;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard, 251

Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares :

And, as I further have to understand,

Is new committed to the bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess are full of grief :
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may ;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. 'Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair, 260

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb :

This is it that makes me bridle my passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head: 270
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must
down.

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence
(For trust not him that once hath broken faith),
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*A Park near Middleham-Castle in Yorkshire. Enter
GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Sir WILLIAM STAN-
LEY.*

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William
Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, 280
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know our king, my bro-
ther,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty:
And

And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity. 291

Enter King EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning. 300

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

I i i j

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may reposses the crown. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The Tower in London. Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Henry. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;
And turn'd my captive state to liberty, 310
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Henry. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts, 320
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;

He

He was the author, thou the instrument.
 Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spight,
 By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me ;
 And that the people of this blessed land
 May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars ;
 Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
 I here resign my government to thee, 331
 For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous :
 And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
 By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
 For few men rightly temper with the stars :
 Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
 For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
 To whom the heavens, in thy nativity, 340
 Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
 As likely to be blest in peace, and war ;
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse Clarence only for protector.

K. Henry. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both
 your hands ;
 Now join your hands, and, with you hands, your
 hearts,
 That no dissention hinder government :
 I make you both protectors of this land ;
 While I myself will lead a private life,
 And in devotion spend my latter days, 350
 To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor, 361
And all his lands and goods confiscated.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But, with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more),
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed!
For, 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd. 370

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers

[Lays his Hand on his Head.

Suggest

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
 This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
 His looks are full of peaceful majesty :
 His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
 His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself 380
 Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
 Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he,
 Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend ?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
 And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news : But how made he escape ?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
 And the lord Hastings, who attended him
 In secret ambush on the forest side, 390
 And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him ;
 For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
 But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
 A salve for any sore that may betide. [*Exeunt.*

Manent SOMERSET, RICHMOND, and OXFORD.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's :
 For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help ;
 And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
 As Henry's late presaging prophecy

Did

Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond ; 400

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him, to his harm, and ours :

Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,

Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,

'Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay ; for, if Edward re-possess the crown,

'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Britany.

Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

York. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS,
and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and
the rest ; 410

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,

And says—that once more I shall interchange

My wained state for Henry's regal crown.

Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,

And brought desired help from Burgundy :

What then remains, we being thus arriv'd

From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,

But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?

Glo. The gates made fast !—Brother, I like not
this ;

For

For many men, that stumble at the threshold, 420
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now
affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon
them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were fore-warned of your
coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your
king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York. 430

Mayor. True, my good lord; I know you for no
less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my
dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

[*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a
doubt?

Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be
open'd.

[*He descends.*

Glo.

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were
well, 440

So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not
be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his Keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY, with a Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. 450

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you
in arms?

Montg. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now
forget

Our title to the crown; and only claim

Our dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence
again;

I came

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*The Drum begins a March.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll
debate, 460

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make
our claim:

'Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must
rule. 470

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like him-
self;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here pro-
claim'd:—

K

Come,

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flourish.*]

Sold. [*Reads.*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.*

482

Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; — and
thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon, 490
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and War-
wick,—

Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

London. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas, 500
And with his troops doth march amain to London:
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back
again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shall stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights, and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham, 511
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens—
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs—
Shall rest in London, 'till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.— 520

K ij

Farewel,

Farewel, my sovereign.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate !

Mont. Comfort, my lord ;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. [*Kissing HENRY's Hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewel, sweet lords ; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, and MONTAGUE.*]

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while,
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship? 531
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame :

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears: 540
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him
hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.— 550
You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King HENRY.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor, unawares; 560
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Town of Coventry. Enter WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others, upon the Walls.

Warwick.

WHERE is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mes.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mes.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence. 10

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March.

March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least he would have said—the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight :
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again ;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner :
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this— 40
What is the body, when the head is off ?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was sily finger'd from the deck !—
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so ; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down.

Nay, when ? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide
thy friend ;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with Drum and Colours.

War. O cheerful colours ! see, where Oxford
comes !

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster !

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

K. Edw.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array ; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle :
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford ! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster !

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this
treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory ;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest. 71

Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster !

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York ;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps
along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle ;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love :—

Come,

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

[*A Parley is sounded; RICHARD and CLARENCE
Whisper together; and then CLARENCE takes his
red Rose out of his Hat, and throws it at WAR-
WICK.*

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this
means? 81

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety 90
Than Jephthah's when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad),
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends; 100
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
belov'd,

Than

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently, 110

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—

Lords, to the field; saint George, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

March. WARWICK and his Company follow.

SCENE II.

A Field of Battle near Barnet. Alarum and Excursions.

Enter EDWARD, bringing forth WARWICK wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.—

Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows, 120

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That

That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept ;
Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black
veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun, 130
To search the secret treasons of the world :
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres ;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave ?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow ?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood !
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me ; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length ! 139
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick ! wert thou as we
are,
We might recover all our loss again !
The queen from France hath brought a puissant
power ;
Even now we heard the news : Ah, couldst thou fly !

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood, 150
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his
last;
And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick,
And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan—
O, farewell, Warwick! 160

War. Sweet rest his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*They bear away his Body, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in Triumph; with GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and the Rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward
course,

L

And

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed : 170
I mean, my lords—those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came :
The very beams will dry those vapours up ;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her ;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd, 180
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury :
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, For willingness rids way ;
And as we march our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum ; cry—Courage ! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tewksbury. March. Enter the Queen, Prince of WALES, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Queen. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms. 190

What though the mast be now blown over-board,

The cable broke, our holding anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he

Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much;

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this! 200

Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?

And Montague our top-mast; What of him?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?

And Somerset another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?

We will not from the helm, to sit and weep; 209

But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

Lij

As

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea ?
What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit ?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock ?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim ; alas, 'tis but a while :
Tread on the sand ; why, there you quickly sink :
Bestride the rock ; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a threefold death. 220
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and
rocks.

Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit,
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms. 230
I speak not this, as doubting any here :
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes ;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid !
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage !
And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
Oh, brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather
Doth

Doth live again in thee ; Long may'st thou live, 241
To bear his image, and renew his glories !

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerset ;—sweet Oxford,
thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing
else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less : it is his policy, 250
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to see your forward-
ness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not
budge.

March. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE,
and Soldiers, on the other Side of the Stage.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,
Which, by the heaven's assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out ;
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords. 260

L i i j

Queen.

Queen. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I
 should say,
 My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
 Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
 Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sove-
 reign,
 Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
 His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
 And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
 You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
 Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. 270

[*Both Parties go out. Alarum. Retreat. Excursions.*]

SCENE V.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, &c.
The Queen, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners.

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.
 Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight:
 For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
 To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made—that, who finds
 Edward,

Shall

Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 280

Glo. It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers with the Prince.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him
speak :

What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick ?—

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious
York !

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth :

Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee, 290

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Queen. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd !

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night ;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that
word.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back
rather. 300

K. Edw. Peace wilful boy, or I will charm your
tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward—and thou perjur'd George—
And thou mis-shapen Dick—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitor as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer
here. [Stabs him.

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[GLO. stabs him.

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[CLAR. stabs him.

Queen. Oh, kill me too! 311

Glo. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done
too much.

Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with
words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for
her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear more news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower! [Exit.

Queen. Oh, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother,
boy! 321

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He

He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
 No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.— 330
 Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
 You have no children, butchers! if you had,
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
 But, if you ever chance to have a child,
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
 As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young
 prince.

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence by
 force. 338

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
 Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
 What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do
 thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not
 do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
 Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
 Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
 Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 350

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Away, I say ; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince ! [Exit Queen.

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone ?

Clar. To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence ; discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares ; 359
By this, I hope she hath a son for us. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

The Tower of London. Enter King HENRY with a Book, and GLOSTER with the Lieutenant, on the Tower Walls.

Glo. Good day, my lord ! What, at your book so hard ?

K. Henry. Ay, my good lord : My lord, I should say rather ;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better :
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous ; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves : we must confer.
[Exit Lieutenant.

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the
wolf :

So

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 370

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird, that hath been limed in a
bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and
kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl? 379
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, Dædalus; my poor son, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.—
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner? 390

K. Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou
didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye, 400
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope; 410
To wit—an undigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify—thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward—

Glo. I'll hear no more — Die, prophet, in thy
speech; [Stabs him.
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after
this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.
Glo.

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have
mounted. 422

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death?
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfal of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither,
[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say, 430
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was; which plainly signify'd—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father: 440
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word—Love, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone : 450
Clarence, thy turn is next ; and then the rest ;
Counting myself but bad, 'till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

The Palace in London. Enter King EDWARD, the Queen, with the Young Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTEL, HASTINGS, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit on England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride ?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions : 460
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands ; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound :
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—

Come

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—

[*Taking the Child.*

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself, 470

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;

Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,

That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were lay'd;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;

And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—

Work thou the way—and thou shalt execute. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely
queen; 480

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,
thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cry'd—all hail! when as he meant—all } *Aside.*
harm,

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves. 490

Clar. What will your grace have done with Mar-
garet?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewel, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. 500

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.



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